

APPROPRIATING PART OF CHINESE EMPIRE



View of Urga, capital of Mongolia and sacred city of the Mongols. It is from this place "The Sun" correspondent despatched his story.

Writer Predicts Russian Flag Will Wave Over All Outer Mongolia Within the Next Ten Years

to accompany him, along with many others, as far as Digtutan, a new and quite modern town that is building rapidly on the great highway leading north from Urga. The Major was in very jubilant mood, for he has been seven long years in this region, which is "as far from one place on earth as it is from another," to make use of his own expression.

Several times, the Major told me, his wife had threatened to follow him into the little known recesses of Central Asia, but whenever she applied to the Government for passport and transportation she had been informed that her going to her husband would be a waste of time inasmuch as his tenure of service at Urga would terminate shortly, &c.

"Yes, it has been a long, weary exile, and I feel as if I had been greatly promoted by simply being allowed to go home and join my family once again," said Major Korostovetz.

"But you have been promoted, Major," I suggested. "Officially, I mean."

"How is that? I do not quite understand," he replied.

Then as I spoke of his going to St. Petersburg with the credentials of a full fledged Minister in his pocket he colored slightly, shrugged his shoulders after the French fashion and said: "Oh, yes, I will look after the interests of Mongolia in Russia. You see, the Hutukhtu is absolutely without representation abroad, and now that he is endeavoring to bring his kingdom into closer association with the other nations he has asked me to bear messages for him to the Russian Government. I am a Minister of his only to that extent, for I always have been and expect always to remain a subject of the House of Romanoff."

"Why does not the Hutukhtu send a diplomatic mission to Pekin?" I inquired.

"You are asking me of things of which I am ignorant," answered the Mongolian Minister to the Russian court.

Major Korostovetz was accorded many high honors previous to and upon his departure from Urga, the Hutukhtu accompanying him to the northern gates of the city and personally firing the first gun of a salute at parting and as well placing in his hands a package of choice cooked venison from the cookery presided over by the Hutukhtu's chief wife—the Goddess-Empress may she be called?

This act, the acme of consideration according to Mongolian ways, was greeted with loud and long continued shoutings by the tens of thousands gathered within and without the gates and the vigorous acclaim of the three regiments of cavalry (4,200 men), the troopers holding their sabres high in air. One regiment, the same that met Mr. Miller, accompanied the departing official as far as the plains of Vingmong, where other horsemen of the tribes, irregularly organized but all listed in the forces, became his escort.

From Vingmong the great highway which is called the "Prepared Road to Heaven" (in this instance "Heaven" meaning Mongolia) goes almost directly north for 120 miles, when it turns abruptly west through the fertile valley of Toz, which it traverses for an equal distance. Again north and again northwest it skirts the easternmost ends of the Li-ki hills, those low ranges which, one after another in almost parallel lines, a few miles apart, run far westward into the rugged fastnesses of the Salansk Mountains on the frontier of Tartary.

It is the Salansk Mountains which are termed the "Starvation Hills" in Urga; not because they are either barren or without game, for I am informed that they are covered with a superb growth of timber almost to their summits and support both large and small game in abundant supply, but because here the tribesmen of the Hutukhtu, who are almost constantly at war with the fierce Tatar bands, are required to provide all their

own necessities, and at the same time to share their food with the hundreds or thousands of "criminals" sent annually from all parts of Mongolia to spend their days in profitless warfare. It is said that the local tribesmen, made weary by the number of prisoners brought to their section and whom they must feed if not house, more often than not kill their unwelcome guests outright or turn them adrift in the trackless forests to fare as they may.

I must say that the forty-odd miles over which I have been of the Prepared Road show a thoroughfare which would do credit to even well populated sections of the United States or Great Britain, and I am reliably informed that for its entire length, with the exception of seventy-five or a hundred miles along the Li-ki hills, it is equally good. If this be so—and I have every reason to believe it is—one of the noblest highways of the world, nearly or quite 700 miles from end to end, has been laid out and finished in the very heart of Asia.

It is in truth difficult to believe as one rides out of Urga to the north over a sixty foot wide thoroughfare, banked, ditched and cobbled stoned or coarse gravelled, with culverts at regular intervals and stone bridges where necessary, that stretching far away over the Siberian boundary is this same highway. But it is a fact nevertheless, for while all the world has been keeping



A religious procession of Mongolian lamas.

close watch of the railways building and projected in Asia, and while England and Germany have sought, and successfully, to limit Russia's rail laying in Turkestan and Tartary, the soft footed Bear has quietly beaten out a splendid path for himself from the region of Lake Baikal to the very capital of the Hutukhtu.

For not a foot of this wonderful road across the sand plains in the valleys and through the forest clad mountains

of Mongolia but what was built by Russian engineers and Russian gold. More than that, for nearly seven years convicts brought from the Urals and from the great mining regions of Smolensk and Varnagk have given of their sweat and toil that the great White Czar might have a smooth way from his endless Siberian possessions down into that kingdom which for centuries China has claimed as her own.

I am unable to say at present there are

any large numbers of Russians at work upon the Prepared Road, although I understand that at various points along its way small gangs of men are putting in bridges, water culverts and making repairs. Yet an authority tells me that two other roads from the north, both of them to strike the great highway—one at a point ninety miles from Urga and the other to intersect it somewhere in the Toz Valley—are being built from the Siberian end, and that as many as 30,000 con-

Vast Empire of the Hutukhtu Now Dominated by Officers of the Czar—Trouble Brewing for Republic

victs are employed in these enterprises.

When inquiry was made of some of the Russian officers here as to the purpose of these fine roads into a region whose necessities—for the carrying of tea north—had been amply met by the prehistoric camel trail the replies elicited were both varied and humorous.

"The rich lumber companies of Baikal are building these roads," said one.

"The tea merchants of Kalgan want a northern outlet for their camel trains," said another.

"The Hutukhtu intends to visit Siberia with ten regiments of horsemen," said a third.

"It is a good way to employ convicts," asserts Col. Nadejny.

But the good Colonel fails to explain why twenty or thirty or forty thousand convicts should be taken from the Government works in various parts of Siberia to build highways in Outer Mongolia. To give them a change of scene, perhaps.

And this same Col. Alexander Fedorov Nadejny is really the "big man" of Outer Mongolia in this year of grace nineteen thirteen, the Hutukhtu or God-Empress notwithstanding. Though he holds a cavalry commission in the army of the Czar, Nadejny is actual commander in chief of the forces of Mongolia as well as principal adviser to the man who has so recently received the present of a crown.

Of course, because he is a gentleman and tactful, a soldier and non-talkative, a high

emissary who has important business always in hand, Nadejny would not make these claims for himself nor tolerate their making by others. But the facts, ominous plain as day facts, are apparent to the moderately intelligent observer, and any attempt to dodge them would be but the making of a bad matter worse.

For it is a bad matter, not for the sake of the figurehead who is silly enough to call himself the God-Empress, and not for the people of Outer Mongolia, perhaps, but it is a bad matter for poor, old China—recently grown young.

Or is it such a bad matter, even for China? When Yuan Shih-k'ai puts down the present rebellion in the South and executes or banishes a few hundred troublemakers—men who apply or would wish to apply too literally the American political slogan, "Turn the rascals out"—will he not have quite enough on his hands if he holds the old Middle Kingdom long enough together to fuse a republic that will stand the test?

Will he not have the Indian opium raiders to watch on the south, the Formosan pirates on the coast? Will he not need to exercise all his best statecraft and perhaps his best battalions to combat the encroachments of the ever alert and never scrupulous Jap, diplomatically and otherwise, in Manchuria? Has he not 300,000,000 people, of whom 50,000,000 are in a state of chronic beggary, to look after and supervise?

Meddlesome Yuan Shih-k'ai or whoever may be the man at the head of Chinese affairs will have during the next few years his hands quite full without meddling in the politics of Outer Mongolia.

"Meddling" is the word. That is the word the Hutukhtu would use if he knew it. At least it has the singsong swing that he is used to, that he sung to me only a few days ago.

But so far as this is concerned the God-Empress in or out of his pyramid of silk, rags and furs really doesn't count in this country of Outer Mongolia. True, he is the "great and only Emperor of the Mongols," to hear him tell it and to hear those round about him (who dare not laugh) cry, "Yes, yes!"

But a certain gentleman named Nadejny would call it meddling with a loud Russian hiss if Yuan Shih-k'ai tried to say what was what here in Urga. And Nadejny's word "would go," for he is the able and accomplished representative of the Bear in this part of Asia.

And the Bear will growl loudly and lumber down the Prepared Road the very moment any one disputes the idea that Outer Mongolia is his private preserve.

Secrets of Flour

HERE is a secret that many housewives do not know and even some professional bakers do not understand. Flour should be kept in a dry, well ventilated place. The temperature should be about 70°.

To make good bread flour should be aged. That is, it should be kept dry and preferably where the air can reach it. Some persons warm a sack of flour and think that this will dry and age it, but such treatment does not reach the middle of the flour.

Experiments show that when flour is aged properly there is a slight loss of moisture, but the flour will absorb more water. In one test a freshly ground sack of flour after sixty days lost a little over one pound in weight, but it gained so much in absorption that it made a gain of several pounds in weight of dough over the original weight. The gluten which is the life of the flour also becomes more elastic and the flour grows whiter.

There is no better way for the housekeeper than to keep a barrel or sack of flour where it will be dry and exposed to the air and also to keep a quantity of flour sifted and ready for use.

Lion Cubs Hold Daily Court in Menagerie in Central Park



These five "baby cats," one more having died since birth, were the largest known litter ever born. They include three females, Ber-ber, Ta-na and Ju-be, and two males, Men-a-lek and Dar-fur. The one which died was also a male.